

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Talks of an Engagement—Many Little Happenings in the Social World

THE H. C. of L. and the League of Nations are everything do not seem to stop engagements coming along, do they? Every day or so we hear of one and yesterday's that of Marion Baird and Charles Jared Ingersoll is a very delightful one I think. Marion is the daughter of the Edgar Wright Bairds and a sister of Gaynor Baird. She had her debut this year, but had not been going out recently because of the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Mattie Baird.

She and her sister were very active in work as members of the National League for Women's Service, you remember. A great many Chestnut Hill girls worked wonderfully in that organization. Marion is first captain of the Jeannet girls and of Uxendale Caneer and Elizabeth Morgan, all charming and popular members of the younger set.

Charles Jared Ingersoll is a son of the Charles Edward Ingersoll and Mrs. Orville Ingersoll, who was Susie Ingersoll, of Sturgis Ingersoll, who married Marion Ingersoll, and of John Ingersoll. Another brother was Harry who was captain in the army, and was killed in France. His mother was Miss Rita Sturgis, the eldest of the Sturgis sisters.

It is a singular coincidence that the engagement and the wedding of the young couple for a short while this season, stopping at the Wellington Apartments in Rittenhouse Square.

MARY TROTTER GOODMAN, who is, as you know, the daughter of Mrs. Howard Seaver, came home last night from her trip to Lake Placid, having stopped on the way to visit at St. Mary's in Peekskill, the school where she spent a year of her education. She is in the care of the Episcopal Sisterhood—Ella Brock and Barry went there, and so did Elizabeth Thompson, Drexel, and Alva Violante and Betty Brock, in fact, I can't begin to remember all the girls. A great many of the former pupils go up there for Holy Week services each year. Alva Brock usually does, but I have not heard if she intends to this April.

FAMILY WELSH has come home from the South. Archibald Thomson, at her home in Alken for several weeks. Emily is the daughter of the late Mr. Sam Welsh, who was Mrs. Thomson's brother. Her mother, Mrs. Helen Welsh, is now Mrs. T. Henry Dixon. Emily is to be married in June to young Hayward Myers, Jr., a brother of the four attractive Myers girls.

I HEAR from New York that the Marquis and Marchioness of Blaudfont are not coming over in the spring after all. Her mother, the Marchioness, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, has gone over to Europe, and now Mrs. Belmont, who, as you know, was first Mrs. Vanderbilt, and the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, has also made plans to sail for Europe. So if the young people come over at all, they will probably wait until the return of one or the other of their grandparents.

IN TWO weeks they had had four cooks, and the fact had been mentioned in the family circle with more or less gusto. Cecily was busy with her drawing and mother said, "What are you drawing, darling?" "Come and see," said the small voice (for Cecily was five years old and her voice was not sure. "What is it, dear?" "It's a deer," replied small daughter. "But deer, she hasn't any face." "She's going away," then she added in thoughtful tone, "that's what they all do."

NANCY WYNNE.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Diaston, of Norwood Hill, Chestnut Hill, will give a dinner-dance in honor of their daughter, Miss Lorraine Diaston, in Easter week.

Mrs. George Willing's Reading Club of Chestnut Hill, will be the guests of Mrs. Theodore Cuyler Patterson today at luncheon at the Acorn Club. The reading will take place after luncheon. The club members met last week at Mrs. C. Wolcott Henry's.

Mrs. Williams Riddle Cadwalader, of Radnor, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Henry W. Biddle.

Mrs. Francis I. Gowen, of Flourtown, read in Chestnut Hill and Miss Eleanor B. Carter, of Baltimore, have returned from Palm Beach where they spent several weeks.

Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, daughter of Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, of Berwyn, will leave today for a short stay in New York.

Mrs. George Gordon Meade, of East Gravers lane, Chestnut Hill, will leave today to spend a week with Miss Corbelli Gallatin in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hanzshurst Mason, of Chestnut Hill, are spending the winter at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mrs. George L. Justice, who, with her children and the Curtis children, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. De Forest Curtis, has been spending some time in Atlantic City, has returned to her home in St. Davids.

Mr. Harry Williams, of Ogontz, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss M. Ruth Williams, to Mr. Harry E. Gale, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. John Morgan Denison, of Rosemont, left yesterday on a visit to New York for a few days.

Mr. J. Clifford Rosengarten is spending several weeks in St. Augustine, Fla. Mr. and Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Wetherill, of this city, are also in St. Augustine. They are stopping at the Ponce de Leon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Feurer, 1321 Spruce street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Barton Feurer, to Mr. Charles Webster Plass, of Germantown.

Mrs. H. Emmons, of 430 Carpenter



MISS ELIZABETH D. BOULDIN of Alabama, who is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson M. J. J. of Arkansas, at their Washington home. Miss Bouldin has visited in this city

MRS. WILSON GIVES RECIPES FROM THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

Pepperpot Is a Favorite—Several Ways of Serving Shad. Lemon Cheesecake a Tasty Delicacy

By MRS. M. A. WILSON, copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All Rights Reserved.

MANY years ago, in a quiet residential district of Philadelphia, Pa., a little gentleman opened a cooking school. This school in the early 1800's became the fashion. Dainty debutantes, the elegant madams and the maiden aunts worked side by side in this first cooking school, and ably but the delectable dishes that were concocted within the shadow of our Cradle of Liberty! This school was on South Sixth street just below Independence Square.

Among the famous dishes were pepperpot, spiced shad, shad roasted on a board (now called planked shad), potato salad, spiced veal, lemon cheesecake, florentines and quince pudding. Good or indifferently milled flour, the grade and quality depending entirely upon the honesty of the miller—saleratus, honey, water, yeast and yeast powder (baking powder) were the means used to secure light doughs. Coal and wood were used to secure the heat to accomplish the cooking.

Butter for shortening was reasonably priced, usually two pounds for twenty-five cents—almost everybody who lived in the city owned their own chickens, hence the cream and butter and eggs were plentiful. Eggs were usually ten cents a dozen in summer and fifteen to eighteen cents in the winter time. The use of eggs for making the mixture light was the rule, rather than to depend upon the so-called leavening agents.

Today science has given us a perfect product in our leavening agents, namely, yeast and baking powder. This eliminates the expensive egg. Some Old-Time Delicacies of Ye Old Days of Long Ago

Pepperpot Wash and scrub well to cleanse thoroughly two calves' feet; place them in stock pot and add: Five quarts cold water. One pound tripe cut in tiny splices (honeycomb cooked tripe). One and one-half cups of finely chopped onions. One bunch soup herbs. The tripe may be put through the food-chopper. Cook slowly until meat falls from bones of feet. Remove meat from feet and chop fine. Return to stock pot and add: Three-quarters teaspoonful thyme. One-half teaspoonful sweet marjoram. Four medium-size potatoes cut in tiny pieces.

Now place in small bowl One cup of flour. Three-quarters cup of water. Stir with fork to blend thoroughly and add to the soup. Now make some dumplings as follows: Place in mixing bowl One cup of flour. Two teaspoons baking powder. One teaspoon salt. One-half teaspoon pepper. One teaspoon grated onion. Mix, then rub in two tablespoons shortening to use six teaspoons cold water to form dough. Roll out one-half inch thick on floured pastry board. Cut in one-half inch squares. Drop in boiling stock and cook ten minutes and add: Three tablespoons finely minced parsley. Two level teaspoons salt. One level teaspoon pepper. Pinch allspice. Serve.

This dish was a great favorite in Kensington. The old women sold this soup hot from door to door, calling, "Hot pot, hot pot." Spiced Shad Scale and thoroughly cleanse one large shad. Split the shad open, then cut into suitable pieces. Place in saucepan and add: One sliced onion. One sliced carrot. One bay leaf. Sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook slowly for twenty minutes, drain, lift into china or glass bowl and cover with cider vinegar. Then add: One teaspoon cloves. One teaspoon allspice. One teaspoon celery seed. One teaspoon mustard seed. One-eighth teaspoon thyme. Set aside for twelve hours. Serve cold with a salad.

Planked Shad Shad roasted on a board is planked shad. Scale and split medium-size shad. Then soak planking board for three hours in warm water. Rub with shortening. Now place the fish on board, set board in pan of warm water and bake until fish is tender in moderate oven. Baste with warm water frequently. Lift the board from baking pan when fish is cooked and place in hot oven for ten minutes to dry off. Use white oak planking board.

Cut medium-size shad in six pieces. Wash and wipe dry. Now place in deep china bowl and add: Three-quarters cup sliced onions. One-half teaspoon allspice. One-quarter teaspoon cloves. One bay leaf. One teaspoonful mustard seed. One teaspoonful celery seed. Now cover shad with good cider vinegar. Tie piece of cheesecloth over top of bowl and then cover with three thicknesses of brown paper. Bake in slow oven three and one-half to four hours or overnight in the coal range after it is dampened off for the night.

Spiced Veal Cut three-quarter pound cold roast veal in thin slices. Now place in saucepan. One cup of cider vinegar. One teaspoon whole allspice. One teaspoon cloves. One teaspoon mustard seed. One-half cup of boiling water. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Lemon Cheesecake Place in saucepan One cup of milk. Four tablespoons flour. Stir to dissolve flour; bring milk to boil; cook three minutes. Now add: Three-quarters cup cottage or pat cheese. One-half cup of sugar. One teaspoon nutmeg. Yolks of two eggs. Grated rind of one lemon, juice of one lemon. Beat to mix thoroughly. Pour in oblong pan which is lined with plain pastry. Bake in slow oven twenty-five minutes.

Must Make an Issue of It Margy—You must make an issue of it, dear. Tell him you intend your kisses for the man you marry and he must not take these liberties—you would be acting against your conscience to allow it.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Wants Advice

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly tell me what to do? I had been going with a boy my own age (sixteen) all last summer, then I heard something from some one else about him that I didn't like, and I very stopped going with him, which I am very sorry for now; for I do think it was a lot of jealousy.

He was a very manly boy and admired as the bride. Kindly tell me what to do. It seems I am too proud and would have written to him or have gone up to him and told him the whole thing. He only lives a half square from me. H. C.

If you feel that your conduct was unbecoming, you should certainly write and apologize. But let any advances toward return of friendship come from him.

Says "There is an Answer" Dear Cynthia—I have refrained from injecting myself into this "Why does a girl close her eyes when kissed?" controversy, trusting that among the many answers you might yet hear from some one who could enlighten the Buck Prizes and Black-eyed Billies, etc., who have been contributing to your column. I can only refrain no longer, however, when you dismissed the whole proposition with the airy remark that there was no answer.

There is one. This is it: Any girl keeping her eyes opened while being kissed would get cross-eyed. The same holds good with the man. If you, Cynthia, or any of your readers, will substantiate, there is a simple proof. Try it.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the caliber of your column. It is interesting without being maudlin, which is a desired asset. QUEEN SABE.

Asks "Do They Know Love?" Dear Cynthia—I address you as "Friend" for your correct answers to the weak-minded people of both sex who twine write you questions of their love affairs. This is my first time writing to you, and I would like to know if your writers really know what "love" is! Also, as they write of their love affairs, do they know if they have the "love" that each sex should have before entering into the "bonds of marriage"? I, like "Pro Homo Publico," have traveled the world a little and shall write of my little experience if you will permit me to do so. But I shall wait to hear from "P. B. P." first, in whom I am interested. Hoping to receive an answer from you, Cynthia, I remain, YOUR DEVOTED FAN, EXPERIENCE.

Cynthia would not call her correspondents weak-minded; that would neither be kind nor true. Very often one who has extremely good judgment about others will become greatly confused when the problem is his or her own.

BARBARA WAS SO PRETTY WITHOUT REALIZING IT

That Her Naturalness Added to Her Charm—Girls Who Possess Become Affected and Lose Their Attractiveness

SHE had been flower girl at her older sister's wedding. Every eye in the church had watched her as she stepped carefully up the aisle, keeping an anxious eye on the lookout for that reassuring smile from mother as she neared the front pew. She had fulfilled all expectations and she was as much admired as the bride.

But it was after the ceremony that she made her greatest "hit." Just as the first guests arrived at the house for the reception little Barbara was coming down the stairs. She stopped for a minute on the last step, grasping the rail with one small hand. She smiled sweetly, shyly, and all unaware of the fact, made the daintiest, sweetest picture that could have been imagined. Her frock was white and her picture-book bonnet was pink and blue.

Her fairness of her, and her pose was entirely unstudied. I wonder whether she will keep that delicate charm? No one could help a gasp of delight at the picture she made that day standing there with her flowers and her bashfulness. Involuntarily people told her how sweet she was. Will she be able to withstand that admiration and remain so delightfully unaware of her beauty? Or will those admiring remarks and glances reach her consciousness and spoil her?

SO MANY pretty girls make the mistake of thinking that they can make themselves prettier than their Creator made them. They probably start out like Barbara, utterly unconscious of their own attractiveness, fresh and dainty in their naturalness. Then remarks begin to reach their ears—those marks of childhood that bear so much that is not intended for them. And gradually the change takes place.

"She said I looked pretty," they begin to meditate, and then they try before the mirror to find out how they

looked when she said it. The next time she or any one else appears they assume that expression, take that pose, waiting for the compliment. They can't know that they don't look half so pretty when they pose as they did when they were just natural and unaffected. Nobody has even taken the trouble to tell them so. And so they have lost all their charm because their manner in all studied, there is nothing spontaneous or real about it.

What a pity it is that some one doesn't warn them before it is too late! Then they might be able to reserve some of that admiration for the rest of their lives instead of having it all spent during their childhood and turned to almost contempt when they grow up, with no thoughts in their pretty heads except for their own loveliness.

Lenbert 1328 Walnut Street Features Tomorrow Georgette Blouses 7.50 Flesh only; all sizes; shawl collar, hand-embroidered, also hand-embroidered cuffs with decorative buttons of Georgette. HOBIERY LINGERIE & SWEATERS

House of Wenger 1214 Walnut Street Stunning Spring Suits Have Arrived Tricotines and French Serges beautifully modeled suits, including those rigidly and semi-tailored and the newest Etons—ravishing things, really. \$55 to \$165 Imported Tweeds the smartest sport and country suits and toppers, in both gray and somber mixtures. \$65 to \$125

FURS AND MYSTERY Twelfth Article of a Copyrighted Series. There are enough grades of genuine mink fur to send one scampering to the reliable fur dealer—not even to mention the clever substitutes which abound in places where dollars rule instead of reputations! The mink is a larger species of the weasel family, found in all parts of the United States and Canada. In the numerous sections in which the animals are found, the quality of mink skins varies even more widely than the climate, the month in which each animal is caught helping further to govern the worth of its skin. The beauty of the mink skin is in its long, lustrous overhairs, rather than the soft under fur, and skins taken along the North Atlantic coast in the months of December and January possess greater density and brilliance than those taken in any other place or at any other time. It is a part of the unreliable fur dealer's business to darken or "blend" inferior Southern or Western skins of yellowish cast, by applying a tincture to the fur, and then sell them as natural Eastern skins. Now what does all this convey to the prospective purchaser of "the most economical of furs"? That she must depend upon her dealer's integrity, first—for prime Eastern pelts, not Southern or Western, second—for skins that have been caught at the proper time of the year, even though in the right section, third—for skins that were the right color when caught, not "doctored" afterwards, fourth—for selected skins of the proper size, not lengthened to suit, and fifth—for fair pricing upon the basis of purchase, not upon the basis of what they might be worth next season! House of Wenger Furs and Millinery 1229 Walnut Street (To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1919.

The Glad Surrender

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR, copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

Laurel Stone interview Granville Burton for the Chronicle, and her marriage to him was the result. Burton wanted a wife to fulfill the requirements that he set down, but Laurel had never talked with her alone and she exerted herself to be charming. She deluded herself with the idea, as so many young girls do, that Granville was aroused in him emotions that he had never felt for Ruth Maddox, the mother of his two little girls. Laurel, however, had loved him for some time before this happened, but after their son was born her attitude toward her husband changed.

WINONA had a story to finish, so after lunch she went down to the office with the two men. They were all strangely silent and not a word was spoken about Laurel until they had almost reached the old Chronicle building. "It isn't natural, that's all, all this icy politeness, this formal courtesy between a man and a woman who live in the same house," she said. "I don't know Laurel with all her dreams and illusions, living this way, and imagine any man's being able to treat Laurel like that way. My, my, go mad about her! I don't understand it."

There was a moment's silence, in which neither of the men said anything, then Winona spoke again. "I don't know Laurel with the sensible idea about marriage, but we are foolish lovers compared with Laurel. I wish Granville Burton had never come into her life. I wouldn't care if she were happy with him, but I never see her. She is too late now."

Benton flushed darkly, but said nothing, and in the building they separated, Benton going back to the city desk, Winona and Ted walking together for a space.

"You shouldn't have said that to Tom," Ted said thoughtfully as they stood for a moment facing each other. "That wasn't like you, Winona, really."

"Oh, I know it," she burst out penitently. "I knew it as soon as I had said it. I'm so sorry, dear, really. Winona's story was such a rare sight that Ted's face softened and he forgot Tom Benton entirely. Winona's penitence was like a little girl eager to be forgiven. She was always willing to apologize for the hurts that her ready tongue often inflicted and she was not happy until she was pardoned.

She went into her own working room and with reticent fingers stripped the dazling sunshine had given way to a heavy murkiness that was even more oppressive. Winona found her fingers were damp as she tried to hurry them over the keys. Her thoughts were dull, too, and after a few futile attempts in which several sheets of paper were spoiled, she pulled out her sheet from the roller, crumpled it up, twirled her oil-cloth cover over the top of her typewriter and went home.

In the city room Tom Benton was trying to concentrate on several different things that demanded his immediate attention, but his thoughts kept wandering away. Winona's impulsive remark had his thoughts running in certain direction. He had known Laurel wasn't happy, but until today he had not known what manner of man Granville Burton was. Now he did know he liked him, but if he weren't making Laurel happy, what then?

"Telegram, Mr. Benton." "Say, Benton, what about that copy that Lawson was to send down?" "Somebody see you, Mr. Benton." Questions and remarks of this kind went on monotonously and Benton saw a woman in a wide white hat, a woman with intense blue eyes, and a curved red mouth, firmly set, as though to deny the fact that his owner was not happy.

Granville Burton went over on the train the afternoon with several people he knew. Among them was Marion Worth. He was walking along the aisle

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Dann HATS 1506 Chestnut St. For Friday and Saturday Special Group of High Class Models 16.50 Women accustomed to importations compliment us upon the exclusive style we have achieved in these moderately priced chapeaux of both Dann inspiration and quality.

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